We tooke this Mattocke and this ſpade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard ſide.
Chiefe W. A great ſuſpicion, ſtay the Frier too.

Enter Prince.

Prin. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our mornings reſt?

Enter Capulet *and his Wife.*

Ca. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ſtreet cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Prin. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
Watch. Soveraigne, here lyes the County *Paris* ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warme and new kill'd.
Prin. Search, ſeeke, and know how this foule murder comes.
Watch. Here is a Frier, and ſlaughtred *Romeo's* man,
With inſtruments upon them fit to open
Theſe dead mens tombes.
Cap. O heaven! O wife! looke how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'ne, for lo his houſe
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is miſheathed in my daughters boſome.
Wi. O me, this ſight of death is as a Bell,
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſonne and heire now early downe.
Moun. Alas my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath;
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?
Prin. Looke and thou ſhalt ſee.
Mou. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſſe before thy father to a grave?
Pri. Seale up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent,

And then will I be Generall of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.
Fri. I am the greateſt, able to doe leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Doe make againſt me, of this direfull murder;
And here I ſtand, both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excus'd.
Pri. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.
Fri. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead was husband to that *Juliet*,
And ſhe there dead that *Romeo's* faithfull wife;
I married them, and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomeſday; whoſe untimely death
Baniſht the new made Bridegroome from this City,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that ſiege of griefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deviſe ſome meanes
To rid her from this ſecond Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gave I her (ſo tuter'd by my Art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The forme of death: meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *John*,
Was ſtayed by accident, and yeſternight
Return'd my letter backe: then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.58) Octavo